

Silent Worker.

"The foundation of every State is the education of its youth."—Dionysius.

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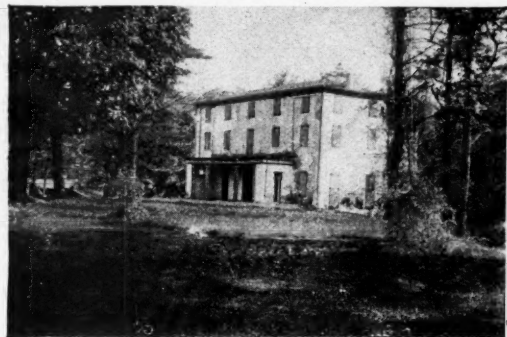


PHOTO BY PORTER
SILENT WORKER ENG
RUINS OF THE BONAPARTE MANSION.

THE ST. HELENA OF AMERICA



PHOTO BY PORTER
SILENT WORKER ENG
THE COVETED SIGHT.

IN the little town of Bordentown, New Jersey, there exists a most picturesque spot with a history both fascinating and romantic and with the aroma of old-world courtliness. The history of Bonaparte Park, by which name this place is known, dates shortly after the battle of Waterloo, which all the world knows doomed forever the hopes and ambitions of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Some days after this battle, Napoleon, sick in both body and mind, received a visit from his brother Joseph, then King of Spain. The purport of this visit was to allow Napoleon to make his escape. Joseph offered to take Napoleon's place and keep to his room feigning illness and in the meantime allow Napoleon to slip away unseen, which plan the latter refused to listen to.

He, however, urged Joseph to leave the country for the United States and settle in either New York or Philadelphia, which would put them within easy access of news from each other.

So it happened on July, 1815, that the American brig "Commerce" left the little port of Royan, near Bordeaux, for New York, with two passengers, who were registered on the ship's books as M. Bouchard and his Secretary.

They landed in New York on August 20, the very day that the British man-of-war "Northumberland," passed the Canary Islands bearing Napoleon to exile in St. Helena. News spread that the mysterious stranger was not what he pretended to be, but was General Carnot, one of Napoleon's Civic and military advisers.

When the Mayor of New York, with a picked body of men, waited upon them and hailed him as General Carnot, he said after a moment's hesitation and surprise, "No, I am not General Carnot. In America I believe I may safely utter the truth. I am Joseph Bonaparte."

But he took upon himself the name of Count de Survilliers, from a village upon his estate near Montefontaine.

Fearing that his enemies in France might be plotting against him, he declined all public honors.

He wished to live in retirement where he might end his days in peace as a private citizen of America.

Joseph Bonaparte, *alias* the Count de Survilliers, remained in the metropolis a few days, then journeyed to Philadelphia in search of what might become his future home.

Encountering much difficulty in securing a residence, at a time when there were few houses sufficiently palatial for an ex-King, he finally came upon one which seemed to fill the require-



PHOTO BY WHITNEY
SILENT WORKER ENG
THE RIVER PATH.

ments more than any other. This was the residence of a wealthy Quaker shipping merchant, one Chandler Price. The house is still standing, little altered in its exterior appearance at 260 South Ninth street, in the very heart of the old fashioned portion of the city.

It is a tall three-story mansard roof house, built of brick and covered with plaster which is painted grey. The entrance is at the side, not on the street, but through an iron gateway and thence along a brick walk and up a steep flight of steps.

Mr. Price was then approached by M. Millard, the ex-King's private secretary, and asked to name the figure at which he would rent the dwelling.

Being much attached to this house and in no immediate need of funds, and being also under the impression, like many others, that Bonaparte was extremely wealthy, he was not disposed to leave this place for a mere song.

Bonaparte despaired of acquiring the residence, but after much dickering Mr. Price consented to lease the property for a handsome consideration to the Count de Survilliers.

The ex-King did his best in every way to make this residence the counterpart of his former home in Spain. He surrounded himself with all that

would serve to recall memories and associations of the past. Many valuable pictures, by the old masters, graced these walls. His residence here was very short, as in the summer of 1816 he gave up housekeeping and decided to become a property owner. He therefore cast about for a piece of land for this purpose, but he had some difficulty, as every state had its laws against the holding of realty by aliens.

State after State refused to make an exception of Joseph, until at last the Legislature of New Jersey on January 22, 1817, passed an act enabling the former King of Spain to purchase and hold lands within the borders of that State.

He bought a tract of land of three hundred acres known as Point Breeze, situated on a high bluff, overlooking the Delaware River, in the township of Bordentown. Evidently no better place could have been chosen, as at that time the social life of Bordentown was at its height.

It was the home of Commodore Stewart, the hero of the war of 1817, also more remembered as the grandfather of Charles Stewart Parnell. It was the summer home of Hopkinson, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The Hopkinsons had intermarried with the Bordens, after whom the town was named. These gathered around them in the vacation months all the most notables in the society of Philadelphia, then the social center of the United States.

Joseph at once set about building a brick house just where Crosswick's Creek meets the Delaware, and clearing the wilderness of Point Breeze for a garden with walks and drives.

What was probably in his eyes a modest dwelling of French architecture, seemed to the country people for miles around, who flocked to see it, little short of marvelous. Four years passed before this structure and the landscape gardening was completed. Then a mysterious fire broke out burning this house to the ground, but not before some of the interior decorations had been saved. Whispers that some of Joseph's European enemies had hired an incendiary took no root in Joseph's mind, for he at once made of what was originally intended for a stable, a new dwelling place.

For years he lived here the life of a country gentleman, then he invited his family to join him, but his wife, under the protest of her physician, remained at home, as in those days an ocean voyage was unlike those of to-day, it being weeks instead of days before a vessel entered port. However, his daughters Zenaide and Clothilde and Prince Charles Lucien Bonaparte, the husband of Zenaide, accepted the invitation.

With all these relatives and retainers around him, he established a miniature Yvetot of which he was king in all but name. He insisted, how-

ever, in being known only by the name of the Count de Survilliers, given him by Napoleon. Kindly, courteous, and considerate of all, he was much beloved by his little court and worshipped by all the neighbors.

For Zenaide, he erected a house on what was the verge of a lake and was known as the Lake House. The ruins of this house still stands on the right hand side of the entrance.

His own being on the left, the house as it now stands, being without doors and windows, allows one to enter and peer around the desolate forsaken place, wondering at the magnificence that might have existed with its massive French furniture, its sculpture and the famous pictures of the old masters, for Bonaparte was a lover of art and had many fine examples of the work of Velasquez, Murillo, and other noted Spanish artists, which he had collected at Madrid.

His life here was very simple, though he had a vast number of French domestics, petty officials and retainers. Like all members of his family he arose early, remained in his library at work until eleven, when he joined the family at breakfast. Then he would drive around the estate overseeing and giving directions. Dinner was served at five and, being of a hospitable disposition, he attracted to his board many of the Bonaparte exiles, Calzel, Desmonettes and Talleyrand, while he numbered among his American friends

town estate to his grandson and namesake the son of Princess Zenaide.

The Murats remained here until 1848, when they left our shores to take up their residence permanently in France. The young Prince sold this place at auction in 1847 and later sailed away in the wake of the Murats. In 1850 the property passed into the hands of a wealthy Englishman, Henry Becket by name, whose father had been British Consul to Philadelphia. He shortly afterwards married for his second wife, a Philadelphia girl and erected a little further up the bluff a handsome modern house. With his death in 1872 the property passed into the hands of his grand children by his first wife, an English woman. As they had

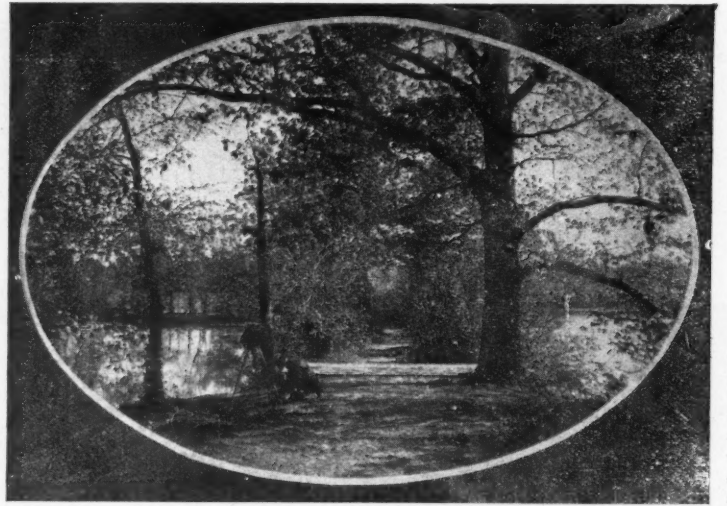


PHOTO BY PORTER

WHERE THE LAKE AND RIVER MEET.

SILENT WORKER ENG.

highest window where he could overlook the river.

To the present writer this passage possessed a singular charm deterring her to walk on top of the covered tunnel now forming a most charming lane to the lake and thus have a glimpse of the tunnel exit.

In the lowlands of what was once the lake, grazed a number of cows contentedly and sleepily, which in the afternoon haze of an August day presented a picture like a Corot. Along the highway we went until some thing appeared in the distance cutting short our explorations. Something—big—moving and dark. Ah! that "*bete noir*" of most women, an ugly cow. Nothing daunted advanced the writer. Carefully and slowly the awful thing came—wide-eyed—inquiringly.

A step—two steps—defiantly—yet warily—oh for wings to fly past the enemies' line and thus gain the lake exit. One, two, three, quickly came the big lumbering thing. Over the writer came a spasm of terror and gathering her skirts she turned and fled from the angry beast. Thus was the battle fought and lost and the most coveted sight still unseen.

A. E. M.



PHOTO BY WHITNEY

MANSION BUILT BY BECKET, NOW OWNED BY THE LAZARIST FATHERS

SILENT WORKER ENG.

such noted men as Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, John Quincy Adams, Livingstone, Gen Thomas Cadwallader, Joseph Hopkins, Dr. Nathaniel Chapman, William Short, Charles T. Ignersoll, beside these most distinguished Americans, presidents, statesmen, generals and men of artistic and scientific attainments. When Lafayette came to this country he visited Joseph at Bordentown and also Prince Louis Napoleon afterwards Napoleon III. After a while came Prince Lucien Murat, son of the famous Marshal Murat, who preceded him on the throne of Spain and that of Naples. Lucien subsequently married an American girl, Miss Caroline Fraser, and he established his home near the park in a long rambling house which is still extant and in disorderly decay on what is known as Park street.

In this most charming spot Joseph had no other idea than to end his days. His only sorrow being that his wife could not share his exile, but there passed between them a correspondence both continuous and affectionate.

When Louis Philippe, after ascending the throne of France, granted a partial amnesty to the Bonaparte exiles, Joseph determined to avail himself of this amnesty to return to his native land.

Consequently, in 1839, he looked his last upon the shores of the New World and sailed to join his wife, the ex Queen, at Florence, Italy, and there he died five years later, leaving his Borden-

always made their residence in England, the property was allowed to run to waste and decay, until now very much of its former beauty must be imagined rather than seen.

What had originally cost Joseph Bonaparte three million to erect and maintain, and Henry Becket as much more, was in 1888, after many ineffectual attempts, auctioned off to the Lazarist fathers for the sum of \$28,000.

During the last twelve years they have used the house built by Henry Becket as a summer home.

One very curious thing about this estate is the subterranean passage leading from trap doors in the palace to an exit on the banks of the lake. Joseph claimed this to be simply a covered passageway to use in stormy weather, but many, to this day, believe this to have been planned to facilitate his escape, should the enemy approach, as a sentinel was posted daily at the

A man named Weaver, of Sodus, New York, has invented a machine for counting coin, which is said to be practical. It will count coins of every denomination from pennies to dollars, and will wrap them into packages of ten to fifty coins each, and seal them and stamp the value of the package on the wrapper. To operate the machine, it is only necessary to feed the coins into the hoppers arranged for each denomination, and the machine does the rest.

The Texas School has an attendance of 400 pupils. It is the largest school in the South.

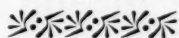


PORTER PHOTO

WHERE THE BATTLE WAS FOUGHT AND LOST.

SILENT WORKER ENG.

How the Chinese Deaf are Educated at Chefoo



With Over 400,000 Deaf and Dumb Children in China's Vast Empire, There is Only One Small School for their Education.—Mrs. Mill's Noble and Self-Sacrificing Work.

THE only school for the Deaf in China was started at Chefoo seven years ago by Mrs. Annetta T. Mills, a missionary worker from this country.

It is estimated that there are 400,000 deaf children in China of whom only a very few can be received and educated.

The aim of the school is to prove to the Chinese that the deaf can be taught and become useful members of society; and it is hoped that ultimately teachers may be trained who will open schools in other places, thereby giving this vast number of "silent people" a means of understanding life, its relationship and responsibilities.

The school is undenominational and dependent upon voluntary gifts. Mrs. Mills is now in this country enlisting the aid of her American friends in the cause of which she has displayed such unfaltering zeal. Centres of interest have been started in England, Scotland, Canada and Australia. The deaf in Edinburgh lead in giving, sending yearly a gift of £50.00, some times more, through the untiring efforts of Miss E. M. Dewar. Belfast comes next with over £32.00.

It is difficult to persuade parents to meet the expenses of their hearing sons in mission schools and it is even more so to get them to expend anything on a deaf boy. "What can a deaf boy do?" "Can a deaf boy learn letters?" etc., are the exclamations often heard. And to gather them into a school and to try and teach them is considered Quixotic indeed; however a few offer partial support and now and then there are those who thoroughly appreciate the opportunity for their boy and do all they can.

Many pupils are refused admittance for want of room, and it is Mrs. Mill's hope that someday the money will be forthcoming with which to enlarge the school.

The accompanying pictures give an excellent idea of how the Chinese deaf are educated. Graded lesson cards are used, also Bell's Visible Speech symbols as an aid to speech teaching.



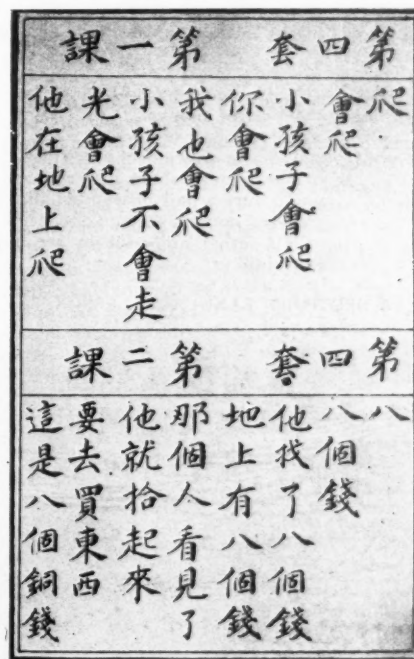
THE FACE OF FIRST AND SECOND CARDS OF THE FIRST SET.

On the back of these pictures (see opposite cut) is only one Character—*pa* and *ba* with their equivalent in Chinese.



Translation of the lessons on the second card of each of the four sets of cards.—*First set*—Eight; *Second set*—Eight cash; *Third set*—He has found eight cash; *Fourth set*—There are eight cash on the ground. That man sees them. He will pick them up. He will go to buy some

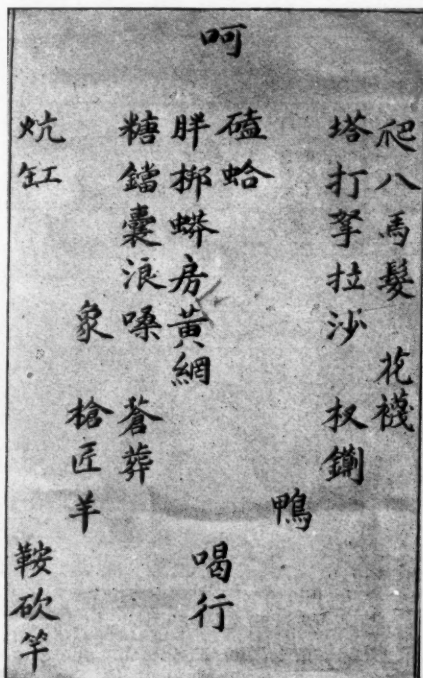
thing. There are eight copper cash.



TRANSLATION OF THE LESSON ON THE FIRST CARD OF EACH OF THE FOUR SETS OF CARDS,—

First set—creep.
Second set—can creep.
Third set—the little children can creep.
Fourth set—I can creep.

You can creep, too.
The little child cannot walk.
He can only creep.
He creeps on the ground.



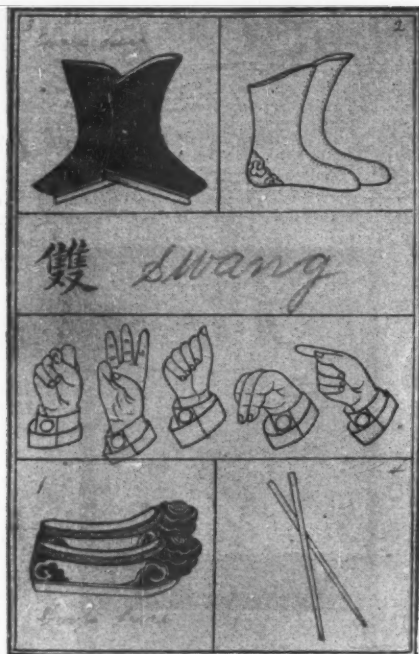
PAGE OF PHONETIC CHART, SHOWING *ah* IN ALL ITS COMBINATIONS.

kang	*	tang	pang	ka	*	ta	pa
gang		dang	bang	ga		da	ba
		nang	mang	(ng)		na	ma
		lang	fang			la	fa
shang		sang	(v)	(sh)		sa	(v)
(zh)	(z)	hwang		(zh)	(z)	hwa	
chang or tsang		wang				tsa	wa
tsh							
djang		dzang				dza	
yang				ya	(r)		

an kan gan
ha hang
Translation—Read from the right hand down, on the above chart:—

CHI-NESE	ENG-LISH	CHI-NESE	ENG-LISH	CHI-NESE	ENG-LISH
pa—to creep		ya—a duck		shang—an elephant	
		ka—to fall		chang—a gun	
ba—eight		ga—a shell		djang—a workman	
		pang—fat			
ma—horse		bang—a rattle		yang—a sheep	
fa—hair		mang—an eel		kang—a bed	
		fang—house		gang—a jar	
hwa—a flower		hwang—yellow			
wa—a stocking		wang—a net		ann—a saddle	
ta—a pagoda		tang—a sugar		kan—to cut	
da—to strike		dang—a gong		gan—a pole	
na—to take		nang—a purse			
la—to pull		lang—waves			
sa—sand		sang—throat			
tsa—a fork		tsang—used with			
dza—a cutter		ying, a fly			

ROMANIZATION OF THE OPPOSITE CHART.
(The Vowel *all* in all its combinations)



PICTURES ILLUSTRATING THE 81ST CARD.

他 去 這 再 我 一 雙
 的 幾 買 雙 做 有 雙
 父 雙 一 靴 一 鞋
 母 雙 雙 子 雙 雙
 雙 子 綿 很 襪 新
 全 來 鞋 好 子 鞋

TRANSLATION OF THE LESSON ON THE 81ST CARD OF EACH OF THE FOUR SETS OF CARDS.

First set—A pair, a couple, both.

Second set—A pair of shoes.

Third set—I have a pair of shoes.

Fourth set—Making another of stockings.

This pair of shoes is very good.
 Go, buy a pair of wadded shoes.
 Bring several pairs of chopsticks.
 His father and mother are both living.

A SPECIMEN LANGUAGE LESSON.

那 這 那 這 那 這 那 這 這
 個 個 個 個 張 張 個 個 個
 鞍 鞍 學 學 棹 棹 小 小 第
 子 子 生 生 子 子 孩 孩 二
 不 好 矮 高 小 大 子 子 個 十
 好 會 不 課
 走 會 走

Translation of lesson XX. Subject—This and that.

This little child can not walk.
 That little child can walk.
 This table is large.
 That table is small.
 This pupil is tall.
 That pupil is short.
 This saddle is good.
 That saddle is not good.

Chicago.

CHICAGO Division, F. S. D., gave its annual ball at Raven Hall out at Melrose Park, some twelve miles from the city, Saturday, 28. The attendance was quite large, notwithstanding the distance, and present indications point to the division's local fund having been substantially increased. The affair was of the masquerade variety and the usual good time was experienced by the young folks.

The Pas-a-Pas clubs' literary circle had for its headliner on the program, January 21st, a mock trial, something that, considering its value as an entertainer when properly presented, has been neglected by the club of late years. In this "case" the time-honored breach-of-promise was shelved and one of unwarranted-visiting-your-neighbors' hen-house substituted. Judge, jury and all the other "characters" did their best, and the outcome, a five-year term in the "pen," does not seem to effect the erstwhile defendant's standing among his clubmates. The regular literary selections which preceded the trial were also of the top-notch order and the members, all-in-all, experienced quite a treat.

When I wrote that item in my last letter regarding the "resolution fuss" in the *American*, that paper had not then "shut down" on the "fussers"—that came later and seemed to be the right thing to do. Now, if the discussion is to continue, it seems to me the *Journal* ought to declare for the "open door" and give the *American's* publisher a chance to recuperate—as he states he has been under the weather, and who knows but what those broad-sides had something to do with that. But what would seem to be still more appropriate would be the signing of a peace protocol all around. Yes, "let us have peace," by all means.

I note there is some agitation going on as to the place for the next N. A. D. convention, and that Virginia is being mentioned. That's a good idea, it seems to me. The Old Dominion is, from all accounts, noted for its hospitality and there's lots of public spirited people down that way who could be depended on to keep up that reputation. The larger cities of the country have nearly all had the pleasure of entertaining the Association—why not some of the lesser ones as well?

The *Ohio Chronicle* says Will Hoy has purchased 24 acres of land near Cincinnati; an item of considerable interest to his Chicago friends, and which we suppose denotes an intention on his part of becoming a country gentleman. Well, Hoy, if anyone ever did, deserves the well-earned rest and self-satisfaction being "lord of all he surveys" brings to the man who has built wisely and well.

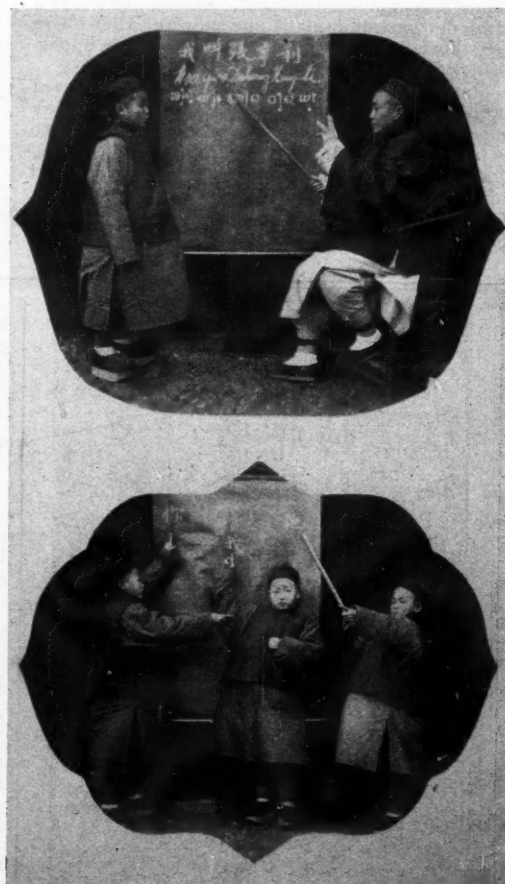
Local friends of Collins C. Colby, of South Haven, Mich., have received marked copies of the *Tribune* of that city containing a description of the new home of Mr. and Mrs. Colby. From the paper we glean that the residence is one of South Haven's finest. Mr. Colby and his estimable better half are to be congratulated on their new possession.

The *Kansas Star*, speaking of independent papers for the deaf that have been forced to the wall at various times, issues a note of warning to certain Kansas deaf who are thinking of "trying it on" and although the article is in the main good sound sense, its language is more forcible than elegant. For instance, it says "the officers who had the management of the enterprises smoked the pipe while the stock holders looked on and spat ***." Why not be honest and also say the officers supplied all the



"SPEECH, AS WE SEE IT."

1—ah, 2—ēē, 3—oo, 4—w, 5—f.



"MY NAME IS DJANG HENG-LI."

1. A lesson in Oral Speech, showing five different ways of communicating, viz—writing in the Chinese character, the same in the Romanized and Bell's Visible Speech symbols; also, spelled by the teacher and spoken by the pupil.

2. A lesson in pronouns.

"power" and a good deal of the "tobacco" which made the "pipe" smoke? The *National Exponent* is mentioned in the list which accompanies the article, so I have taken the liberty as one of the "smokers" in connection with that paper to add the above comment. In fact, the officers and stock-holders are not the whole thing by any means, the "pipe" itself—the subscriptions and support—are the *alpha* and *omega* of all such enterprises. And this is no "pipe dream" either, my dear "Brothers and Sisters."

During the late cold snap here the fire fiend visited the McCowan school. The papers state the damage was about \$500 worth—no one was hurt though, the pupils being in another part of the building.

At this writing the Normal School question seems to be in *status quo*—noting new or doing. However active operations may be resumed at any time.

Jimmy Bowen has broke loose in the *Deaf American*—and, although he is a little rough on Chicago in his opening effort for February, we will have to forgive him, for there's cause enough we are sure. But Chicago must deny the soft impeachment of "going to rout Mr. Veditz"—two swallows don't make a summer, neither do the opinions of a few Chicagoans represent Chicago, hence his wooing of the music and quoting of proverbs are a trifle too previous as far as this town is concerned.

In the Chicago *Examiner* there is now running a serial story entitled "A Ruby's Kingdom," in which the plot hinges on the scene of a robbery shown in a biograph picture and wherein the only clue offered the "Sherlock Holmes" of the story is the movements of the lips of a man in the picture—the thief. The author is nothing if not original—his hero enlists the aid of, says the story, "a teacher in a deaf and dumb asylum who has made a study of lip reading, and together they carefully go over the biograph film and by following the pictured movements of the lips of the "suspect" the professor learns what he was saying to his confederate at the time. Then they're off. Great isn't it?

Says the Chicago *Journal*:

They never speak as they pass by,
They both keep mum;
No need to ask the reason why—
They're deaf and dumb.

The M. E. Mission for the Deaf has added to its auxiliaries a branch of the Epworth League, organized and chartered last month. Its officers are Mrs. C. L. Buchan, president; Miss Vina Smith, Henry S. Rutherford, Miss Cora Jacoba and William Zollinger, vice-president; Mrs. W. S. Edwards, secretary; Melville Cox, treasurer.

Frank Philpott, of Akron, Ohio, has come to Chicago to act as assistant to the Rev. Mr. Hasenstab, the field of the mission having broadened so that the pastor needed the help of another assistant. Mrs. Philpott accompanies her husband and they will take up their residence on the south side for the present.

The Iowa *Hawkeye* is responsible for the following:

A school for parrots is the latest educational institution to be founded in Salt Lake City. This school runs night and day, and the strangest part of the affair is that parrots are instructors, the "pupils" being taught to talk by the oldest birds. —*Michigan Mirror*.

The McCowan Normal at the Windy City will have to look closely to its laurels. Westward the Star of Empire takes its way.

F. P. GIBSON.

Publisher's Notice

"Zeno" will accede to Mrs. Barrett's request for an essay on "How to be Happy Though Deaf," and it will be published in the April number. Distrusting his ability to tackle so difficult a subject, he will confine himself simply to making further extracts from the novel, a part of which had already been published in the December *WORKER*.



PHOTO BY CHINESE PUPILS

SILENT WORKER ENG.

1. Reciting a lesson. Two boys are writing on the blackboard and two are spelling to the teacher in concert. 2. A lesson in arithmetic.

2. A lesson in arithmetic.

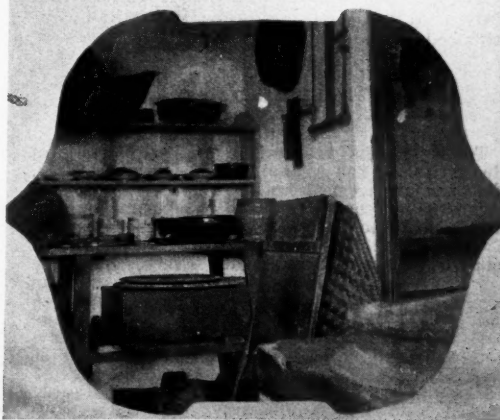
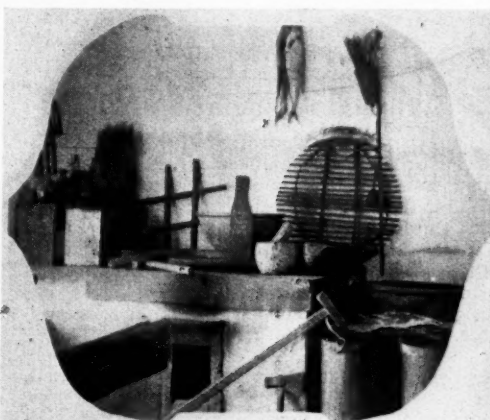


PHOTO BY CHINESE PUPILS

SILENT WORKER ENG.

TWO VIEWS OF THE KITCHEN SHOWING THE RANGE AND COOKING UTENSILS.

St. Louis

THE special course of literary treats began in January with a reading, and a most excellent one it was, of "The Last Days of Pompeii," by Miss Pearl Herdmann. In February Mr. A. O. Steidemann gave a masterly rendition of "The Gun-maker of Moscow"—the great present unrest in Russia adding to the interest in the story. Other readings by other readers will be given on the evenings of March 10th and 24th, at the usual place—1210 Locust street. In addition to these special readings and lectures, there usually being one such for each month, the following is the schedule of regular events for each month throughout the year:

On first Friday evenings,—"Public Opinion Readings" for the study of current events. The readings being taken chiefly from *Public Opinion*, *Literary Digest*, and *Review of Reviews*. These meetings have been a regular monthly feature at the Memorial House for the last fifteen years and the attendance has always been good.

On the third Friday evenings of each month the Gallaudet Union literary meetings are held. The Union was organized about twelve years ago and was successful from the start—and has always enlisted the best local talent.

On the fourth Wednesday evening of each month there is a social under the leadership of some one especially appointed for that evening.

In addition to the regular and special literary and social features as indicated above, there are church services for the deaf in the beautiful Memorial chapel at 10:45 A.M. each Sunday, with an occasional special service, also a Sunday School which meets weekly at 10 A.M. All the regular and most of the special features indicated above are open and free to the general public—when there is an admission charged it is to meet some extraordinary expense of the entertainment or in behalf of some especially worthy object. If Oliver Twist was deaf, understood the sign-language and lived in St. Louis he would probably be satisfied with his social, educational and religious opportunities.

Mr. Alexander L. Pach was not awarded the official photographic concession at St. Louis for purely business reasons. He was not the highest bidder for that concession and so did not get it. He is entirely mistaken in charging that the award was made to another for personal reasons. If any one has told him so he has been misinformed. The charge, if repeated, will be nothing less than a malicious lie. In the report of the St. Paul local committee is the following: "The committee appointed Mr. A. L. Pach, of New York, official photographer of the convention." In the report of the St. Louis Local Committee is the following: "The Committee appointed Mr. George F. Flick, of Baltimore, official photographer of the Convention, his being the highest bid for that concession."

At St. Paul the Executive Committee ruled in effect that the concession for officially photographing the Convention should be controlled absolutely by the Local Committee. The St. Paul Local Committee attended to that matter and the St. Louis Local Committee insisted upon as much, and no more, and in this it was sustained by the Executive Committee but, unfortunately not by Mr. Pach, at least not after the concession was let to another man solely for business reasons. But Mr. Pach need not feel concerned about the concession for officially photographing the next Convention. Was not that resolution intended for future local committees? Besides what scholarly author could refuse Mr. Pach any thing after he had given his efforts at journalism such unstinted praise? "The camera lens enchantment to the view," and may the next convention look pleasantly through it at Mr. Pach.

The eleventh annual masquerade ball of the St. Louis Gallaudet Union, given not long since, was a successful affair in every way, but chiefly as

a pleasant social gathering. The *St. Louis Republic* gives the following interesting and altogether accurate account of the function:

Although they could not hear the music to which they were dancing, the members of the St. Louis Gallaudet Union, a literary, charitable and social organization for the advancement of the deaf, enjoyed the diversion as much as those gifted with the power of hearing last night. The society gave its eleventh annual ball in Compton Hall, Compton and Park avenues.

There were the regulation grand march and waltz and two-step, and they were danced with measured steps to the music furnished by the orchestra. The dancers glided over the polished floor to the rhythm of the music without a sound. It seemed as if their shoes were of velvet. One did not hear the usual shuffling of feet or the sharp click of the heels that usually accompany the dancing of those who hear.

Everyone enjoyed the ball. They were all happy and there was much talking, but it was the silent language. Smiles were the order of the evening—everyone wore them—but there was no boisterous laughing.

"How do they dance and keep time to the music," asked a spectator, "if they cannot hear?" "They feel the vibration," said Miss Pearl Herdman, one of the teachers of the Gallaudet School for the Deaf, and secretary of the society. "Then some of them watch the hearing people and catch the step from them, and after they once get the step it is easy."

At half past ten they all marched before the judges, John R. Burns, Miss Maude Whitset and A. Gruenewald. Prizes were awarded to the following:

Miss Sarah Fadman, ballet girl, first prize, a burnt-wood glove box; best representation.

Miss Emily Engelhart, as Topsy, second prize, a white waist; most humorous make-up.

Master George Washington Roeder, as George Washington, first prize, a stick-pin; best representation. Master Roeder is 7 years old and was born on February 22, as was his illustrious namesake.

Charles Jones a bashful schoolboy, won the second prize, a set of brushes; for the most humorous make-up.

Contrary to its usual custom the recent annual Masquerade ball of the St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club was not an all Saturday affair and no intoxicants were dispensed by the Club. Such a departure is most commendable and, if adhered to, cannot but redound to the credit of the Club.

The deaf of Kansas City and Independence have organized a society, chiefly literary, to be known as the Clerc Social Circle and includes among its members, Mr. and Mrs. Minor, Mr. and Mrs. Painter, Mr. and Mrs. Laughlin, Mr. and Mrs. Kent, Miss Butler and others known to St. Louisians as visitors here during Convention week. Success to the new organization and greater fame for Clerc.

Mrs. Mariette E. Finney, widow of the late Lieutenant Solon H. Finney, died at the residence of her son in Kansas City on January 15th. She was 79 years old, and had been deaf ever since she was a little girl. She was an expert lip-reader. She had never attended a school for the deaf. The writer first met her and her friend, Miss Daisy Way, at the Conference of Principals at Colorado Springs about fourteen years ago, and visited her occasionally when in Kansas City. Miss Way, Mrs. Casey and the writer visited her a few hours before she died, but she was unable to recognize any one. Among the gifts to the writer from Mrs. Finney is a complete "Gallaudet Bible," which he highly prizes.

Mrs. Finney's remains were buried at Grand Rapids, Mich.

The stork recently visited the homes of Mr. J. S. Chenery and Mr. H. R. Wotten, much to the satisfaction and delight of their respective households. J. H. CLOUD.

Mr. F. J. T. Boal, of Sussex, N. B., Canada, whose article in the *Funeral Director and Bulletin* was widely copied in the papers for the deaf, says the editor made a mistake when he said "We believe this is the first article ever written by a mute for any of the journals of America." The editor meant it was the first article ever written by a mute for any of the funeral trade journals of America. The correction will appear in the February number of that magazine.

I might say it is always a pleasure for me to read your valuable paper and wish you all possible success in the noble work which you are doing. GEO. S. MACKENZIE.



PHOTO BY CHINESE PUPILS

SILENT WORKER

1. "Every thing has a name."
2. Our photographer and his assistants.

Provincial Association Notes.

The Board of Directors of the Provincial Association of the Deaf admitted Mr. E. E. Prince to membership and appointed him Secretary in place of Mrs. Tupper, resigned. A motion was passed that Chester Brown, of St. John, be no longer Vice-President. The Association expressed regret at the loss of their friend, Mr. W. J. Stewart, ex-principal of the school for the deaf, who has resigned. His services as interpreter were valuable. We want a government school.

The school for the deaf at St. John has lately received two donations, one from Prof. Alex. Bell, for \$100, and another from Miss Bateman for \$150, to be used in the interests of the New Brunswick mutes.

The question of extending the association from Provincial to a Maritime Association will be introduced at the next convention.

Yours sincerely,

F. J. T. BOAL.

THE INAUGURATION.

To be present at the inauguration of President Roosevelt will be an event in the life of every American. Elaborate arrangements are being made by the General Committee and though through lack of space thousands will be unable to witness the ceremonies at the Capitol. Every one can see the parade with which no similar affair can compare in magnitude. Every State will be represented by its highest executive officer, and as an escort to each governor there will be one or more regiments of the National Guard, while the military and naval representation will be numerous. There is always a true festal atmosphere at the inauguration and the vast throng of visitors makes Washington the greatest holiday centre in the land. The Central Railroad of New Jersey operates the Royal Blue Line between New York and Washington and the facilities offered by this line are unexcelled. The Royal Blue trains are "flyers" making the journey between the two cities in 5 hours. The route is also the scenic line to Washington and the

South and trains leave New York at 8 and 10 A.M., 12, 2, 4, 6, and 7:30 P.M., and 12:15 midnight. Every day train has Pullman Parlor Cars, and the night train carries Sleeping Cars and the famous Royal Limited leaving New York at 4 P.M. is conceded to be the finest train in the world. A dining and buffet service is also operated and the quality of the service is far famed. If you are going to the inauguration don't fail to use the Royal Blue Line. Stations at foot of Liberty St., N. R., and the South Ferry. If you want time tables or other details write to C. M. Burt, G. P. A., C. R. R. of N. J., New York City.

CONCERNING PROCTOR'S.

The stock company located at Proctor's 58th Street Theatre, owing to its unparalleled success from the opening performance, is now a fixture. Only the most recent Broadway successes are being presented at this, the most beautiful of all the Proctor playhouses, and with the exceptionally strong organization which Mr. Proctor has gathered together, it is easily understood why they have launched into the tide of popularity so quickly. Another notable addition is about to be made to the company in the person of Mr. William Ingersoll, as leading man. His magnetic personality and excellent work are happily remembered by all the patrons of Mr. Proctor's 125th Street Theatre, where he was specially engaged for a number of weeks this season. The informal receptions held by the ladies and gentlemen of the stock company on the stage after the Wednesday matinees at Mr. Proctor's 125th Street Theatre have become so popular that they have been inaugurated at the 58th Street Theatre.

These little social affairs will be carried on in the same delightful manner as at the 125th Street Theatre, with the exception that they will be held immediately after the play on Thursday afternoons, instead of Wednesdays.

It is almost five years since Mr. F. F. Proctor extended his amusement enterprises in New York city, and added the 125th Street Theatre to his already popular and prosperous circuit. To be quite exact, Proctor's 125th Theatre has been running 232 consecutive weeks without having the doors closed once, even during the torrid days and nights of midsummer. Delving somewhat into statistics (which are uninteresting), the Proctor Stock Company in Harlem has given 2,784 consecutive performances, and has utilized about 212 different plays up to date. So far as modern theatrical history goes, this appears to be the record for stock company achievements, in the popular price class of amusement resorts; at all events, it must be accepted as a fact, that an enterprise enjoying the longevity of 2,784 performances must, of necessity, have pretty nearly arrived at its best in the way of furnishing entertainment to its patrons, and to give the stock company, which so creditably bears aloft the Proctor's standard in Harlem, its due organization is certainly at its best to-day. With the approaching elaborate productions of "The Silver King," on Feb. 27, and "The Only Way" a week later, it is difficult to find any reason to cavil at what they offer for your delectation in the Proctor playhouses. "The Money Makers," a really fine comedy which passed an all too brief fortnight at Klaw & Erlanger's Liberty Theatre, was revived, week of Feb. 13, at Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theatre, and it attracted really enormous houses. During the early week of March it will be produced with the complete original scenic production, identical with that at the Liberty Theatre, at Proctor's 125 Street Theatre. Just so fast as the Broadway successes (so called) are to be obtained for stock company uses, Mr. Proctor is in a position to secure them first for his formidable circuit stock of company theatres, and his patrons naturally are the quickest gainers. The matter of royalty is of no moment, and no author's figures are too altitudinous for the Proctor purse.

And the same liberality characterizes the engagement of the vaudeville specialties which vary the programmes in the stock houses as well as the vaudeville which is secured for the continuous concerts every Sunday from 2 until 11 P.M. On holidays, like Lincoln's Birthday, Feb. 13, and Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22, two of the best theatrical holidays in the year, even more liberality is exercised by Mr. Proctor. The doors of the 125th Street house open on these days at noon sharp, and an extra hour's show is really just thrown in for good measure.

With the Silent Workers

EDITED BY ALEXANDER L. PACH.

EVERY little while I have been honored with a notice from the Commissioner of Jurors, a very formidable and legal appearing document, by the way, which asks me to stop in at 280 Broadway and give that department an opportunity to size up my qualifications as a Juror.

In times past I have faced a very formidable official who listened to my tale of woe, and my statement of the fact that I was totally deaf, and had been so for many years, and expected to continue so for many more, with a calm stoical gaze at me, which I felt a rebuke—a plain intimation that I was evading a duty that, as a citizen, I owed to the municipality and Commonwealth, in short, the stare seemed to be a most plain and unequivocal intimation that I was lying.

My latest experience was on the morning of the day that this article was written. I "hiked" down to the Jury Commissioner's office with a summons in my pocket, just as I have done on many previous occasions, and when I stood in front of the Commissioner's desk and told of my little tale of physical disability the official in charge, for once, and let it be known, for the first time did not give me the merry ha! ha! but simply wrote "Deaf" accordingly, across the notice and filed it, so I suppose, until that office starts using a new City Directory, I will not be summoned again.

But, speaking of Jury duty, I really would like to have some experience in this line, and if the city ever gets hard up for jury timber, I will take it upon myself to furnish the Commissioner with a list of full two hundred deaf men that I can think of, and offer their services to the Courts. Of course this will involve having a translator to tell the gentlemen of the Jury everything that passes in the court room, but that can be arranged for.

The *Association Review* republished a letter that Principal Rogers of the Kentucky School received, but this department is in receipt of a much longer letter, which is very evidently from the same source. In some respects it is absolutely unique.

December day 15th.
tomorrow 16th 1904

Dear Kind my sir
Will you please give your newspaper and booklet to me. I am sorry for I have no little my some money. I send to love you. I have two Brothers deaf and dumb wife, married. my two sisters is a deaf and dumb at ———. I want I will read your newspaper and catalogue. I was to school at ———. I will not to school at D and D Instit. I am a welcome. I am a deaf dumb. I have my this work plowin here. I stay my here. I lives near this Buttram church. I do not like to lives near the church. please want you send your one picture give to me. I will let you give to me soon. I don't want to go to school at Deaf and Dumb Institit from ———. Are you a deaf and dumb or speak? I do not know you. I thank with ———, South ———. I want some your catalogue and book. I am to have no receive a newspaper and catalogue from you.
Please to write me
Kind your friends

President George W. Veditz of the National Association of the Deaf is slated to have an easy time of it. His deaf brethren have already started out to give him friendly lifts. Some of these may, or may not be members of the National Association, but that matters but little. One writer in the *Deaf American*, assuming that the next convention is to be held in Virginia, states:

We would suggest that Mr. Ritter, a Virginian, be made chairman of the local committee, and that he be assisted by Rev. O. J. Whildin and Mr. Geo. F. Flick of Baltimore, Mr. W. P. Souber and Mr. M. O. Roberts of Washington, D. C.; Mr. Stephen C. Jones of Staunton, Va.; Mr. B. L. Winston of Norfolk and several other Virginians.

It seems a nervy thing to do, this usurping the Executives' prerogatives, but since the *American* prints it we might as well let it go. I do not re-

call that Brother Ritter was at any time a member of the National Association, but as to his qualifications there can be no doubt, as those who were present at the birth of the Virginia Association of the Deaf, in Richmond in 1891, the Publisher of this paper and myself among the number, will unhesitatingly testify. Ritter was the whole thing, and there were no hitches anywhere.

But in view of all past experience, it would seem best to refrain from embarrassing our clerical friends by asking them to serve on local committees, one would be a big sufficiency, but putting two on the Board would be the limit in that direction. It has been demonstrated time and time again that with big bodies of the Deaf, the safe course is to let laymen do the work. Of course it's natural for the clergymen to get enthusiastic, but in many little ways they forget that there are others. With the deaf there are a great number of one denomination, while the other denominations are but sparsely represented. The stronger (numerically) when in authority make their Church affairs a part of the program, and it took some very strenuous work on the part of executive committees in the past to keep the advertising of the sessions and the several services separate and distinct.

A writer in the *Deaf-Mutes' Register*, a hearing young lady who teaches in the St. Louis School for the Deaf, and who was the member of the St. Louis Local Committee who arranged for the Banquet of the Deaf, states that the trouble which formed the basis of the much discussed resolution was because a certain party was not given a certain privilege. This is not so, and the whole country now knows that it is not so. The Executive Committee thought that a member who had supported the National Association with as much help as any one man could give it for a quarter of a century, and who had travelled six thousand miles attending its meetings, and who had grown old in his profession, was entitled to more consideration than a school boy amateur. That is all there was to it. The Grand Army of the Republic, The Masonic Fraternity, or any other, would stick by its members, even if it cost a few pennies more, rather than be experimented on by an amateur, who, without any attempt at concealment of the real facts, openly stated that he was using the opportunity to advance himself in another direction.

I shall refer here, I hope for the last time in print, to the basis of the St. Louis Local Committee's prejudice. The Philadelphia Local Committee did not keep faith with their photographer, and the Chairman of that day rendered an untrue report. At St. Paul, one of the Local Committee who had signed the report, after hearing the case with all interested present at a meeting called to ventilate the matter, the Reverend J. M. Roehler got up, and with a great deal of warmth stated that had he known the facts as they came out there he would never have signed the report. He expressed himself as being ashamed of the humiliating way the photographer had been hounded during the interval between the Philadelphia meeting and that at St. Paul. In spite of all this, the same man who did the hounding attempted to carry it on to the St. Louis meeting and was successful to a very great degree. Over his own signature he stated that he was going to keep this photographer out for "spite."

But this whole matter hinged on something of a great deal more import. For years Committees have sought to raise revenues by taxing only where a fellow deaf man was concerned. Mr. Flick gave up a good part of his receipts as a "concession." Mr. Flick, being deaf, was the only one so held up. The people who furnished banquets, printing, badges, music, flowers, decorations and all else, being hearing people, got what they asked without being compelled to give any part of it back as charity money, or to help print proceedings or anything of the kind.

A photographer takes a great deal of risk, drags heavy apparatus to suitable places, uses a number of plates, and not infrequently high priced flash-light powders. He sells a good 11 x 14 photog-

raph, on a card board that costs considerable, and with postage, packing and all the incidentals, he has a profit of 20 or 25 cents, or, if he sells a hundred pictures, \$20 to \$25, and of this sum the Local Committee, because he is a deaf man, asks him for \$25.00.

NEW YORK.

As was predicted, the League of Elect Surds had a big time, and a big house on January 28th, when they gave their annual public show. The evening's entertainment opened with a vaudeville show by professional talent, whose acts were selected because they appealed to deaf and hearing alike. After the stage show, dancing was in order, and the many hearing people were loud in their praises of the orchestra's ability to furnish excellent dancing music. From what some of the hearing guests said, it would seem that orchestra leaders have not tried to get the best results in times past, where they were catering to a club of deaf people, probably on the ground that "any thing went."

The Surds had many out-of-town guests, as usual, and a typical gathering of New Yorkers. The Brooklyn, Union Leagues, Surds and Xaviers are very different organizations, and few who are members of one, are in any other organization, but there is a sort of Free Masonry among them as organizations, and each turns out goodly numbers to help the other.

To this category might be added the Hollywood Club of Yonkers who came down from the classic shades of that town last December and gave a public ball, but the time selected being just before the Holidays, the attendance was not what it might have been had a more opportune date been selected.

The Hollywood organization is a young one, but it will become a great power in local circles no doubt. Its members are broad and liberal and they are given to deeds of charity. On more than one occasion they have held forth in St. Ann's Guild room and given benefits; all the proceeds, after paying expense, being used in good works. Further, the young men take turns lecturing and entertaining the Guild of Silent Workers. If their good deeds are done so unostentatiously and so quietly that when they give a public entertainment, either in Yonkers or in New York, it is the duty of all New Yorkers to rally to their support. When this is understood better, as it will be in the future, no doubt there will be nothing left to complain of. A single instance of the good deeds that illumine the pathway of this organization, is in a recent Tableaux Vivantes conducted by one of its leading members. Nothing like it was ever seen before, and the results were so extremely satisfying that the chairman came out with a card of thanks to all who had contributed in any way, and, with rare self-sacrifice, ignored his own efforts, without which the affair must have been a failure.

On February 25th, The Deaf-Mutes' Athletic Club will entertain at Grand Opera House Hall with "Statuesques" announced as being from the Iliad of Homer, and a Dramatic offering entitled "Won by Strategy." The admission is only 25 cents, with an extra dime for best reserved seats.

For Saturday evening March 4th, the Newark Society are to have an apron and necktie party at Auditorium Hall. These affairs always draw crowds of the younger element who get a great deal of enjoyment out of them.

The Xavier Club will have its usual Easter entertainment on Wednesday evening April 26th, at Parochial School Hall, 17th Street, west of 6th Avenue. There will be dancing, preceded by good vaudeville. Fifty cents buys the best seats, and none will be reserved. First come, first served. The names of the Executive Committee are sufficient to make sure of a good time. Most prominent on the list is that of the veteran John F. O'Brien, whose facile pen no doubt wrote the brilliant advertisement the Deaf Mutes Journal carries. The O'Brien pen is in evidence in the Journal's news columns, and the spicy items of interest bear the unmistakable O'Brien hall mark as it were.

A. L. PACH.

THE SILENT WORKER.



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ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO
THE SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J.

OH the long and dreary winter!

Full of
Suggestion.

AN admirable discourse by Mr. Sharp was the *piece de resistance* at the Teachers' Meeting on the 8th.

Material
Omission.

In speaking of the circumstance of Brother Scott of the Texas School having filled his co-educator, Brother Williams, with shot, in an effort to bag a quail, the *Lone Star* lays some stress upon the fact, one that we should all have inferred as a matter of course, that Mr. Williams "hollowed;" but fails to mention whether they got the quail or not.

The Day
We Honor.

WHILE childless himself, no one ever had greater love for children than the Father of his Country; so we concluded that there could be no better way of honoring his memory than by doing all we could to make our children happy. To this end the day was devoted to games and pastimes, and the evening to shadowgraphs and pantomimes, ending with a re-union in which all joined.

Keeping in
Touch.

MOTHER love does not cease when the child becomes "of age" or marries or at any other period of life. It does not end, indeed, even at the grave, but goes on forever. And so it should be with ones scholastic *Alma Mater*. Its loving arm should be about one, sheltering, encouraging, and assisting, as well after graduating as before, and there should be no time in the old pupils, life that it is not, when possible, extending its encouragement and help. The California School, though perhaps not the first to make, the effort to keep in touch with all its old pupils, appears to be making the most determined and systematic effort looking in this direction that has yet been made by any school. Its principal in his recent report, a report, by the way, that

teems with good things, speaking upon this subject, says:—

"For several years I have been in correspondence with a large number of our old pupils, some of whom have graduated, and some of whom have left school under time limit or the harsh necessities of *res augusta domi* before they had acquired that accurate use of the English language which it is our chief effort to give. In many of their letters one could see reflected the scant intellectual atmosphere of the writer's environment, and the sad isolation due to his deafness. The aridity of life in the mountains, on cattle ranches, on remote farms, and in the mills where many have sought and found remunerative employment is not favorable to mental development, less even for the deaf than for those who can hear. Many of the letters I receive contain errors of grammatical construction, misuse of words, and those inverted forms of expression which are known as "deaf-misuse," and which indicate certain processes of thinking rather than methods of education. It has been my custom to correct these letters and return them to the writers with such "notes" as seemed appropriate and helpful. The improvement, in subsequent communications was so marked and satisfactory as to lead me to believe that an "Institution Extension" course might be organized, and inaugurated with profit and pleasure for former pupils. Those to whom I have spoken of it approve the undertaking. The expense in the experimental stage at least would be trifling. A small membership fee would pay for postage stamps.

It may be necessary in special cases to supply books for the students, and the Durham fund or the Strauss fund would not be put to misuse if either were called upon to contribute something toward this method of advancing the welfare of the deaf. The teachers will be glad, I am sure, to co-operate in the way of preparing course and correcting papers, while the *California News*, the Institution publication, can be made a useful adjunct in the scheme by becoming the official organ of the Extension work. The courses, when fully developed, will include studies in English, mathematics, history, and such courses in science as will enable the student to keep abreast with the progress of modern research and discovery. If there is a demand for Latin or modern languages, provision will be made for satisfying such demands.

Preliminary steps are now being taken to carry out the project, and it is hoped to have it in operation by the opening of the new year, 1905. So far as I know, the scheme outlined above has never been attempted for the deaf, and I am not prepared to say what its outcome will be, but the plan seems feasible, and its carrying out may prove so helpful and popular with the deaf as to justify the employment of a special teacher or even a corps of instructors, who shall give their full time to this means of advancing the best interests of these whose handicap of deafness interferes so seriously with intellectual progress."

Such a course will not only be of the greatest use to the ex-pupil, but as well, to the school which will get the full benefit of the after experience of all its old boys and girls.

Can It
be.

OUR SCHOOL statistician, after much research and careful computation, advises us that there are yet a larger number of "second Helen Kellers" in the various schools for the blind and deaf in the United States than there were gold medals awarded to exhibits of these schools at the late

fair, a fact that it will be hard for some of us to credit.

None
Better.

TEXAS is making a determined bid for the next Convention of the Deaf, and why not? One of the most flourishing schools for the deaf in the country, a well-educated and progressive coterie of the deaf to give welcome, a fine district, and a choice of routes between rail and sea are the attractions. The expense of getting there would be a possible objection, but those southern railways and steamship lines are doing their full share towards the advancement of the interests of the districts they tap and through which they lie, and an attractive rate will doubtless be added to the other reasons Texas will give, when the time is ripe.

• The Poet's Corner •

THE ORCHARD LANDS OF LONG AGO.

The orchard lands of Long Ago!
Ye drowsy winds, awake, and blow
The snowy blossoms back to me,
And all the buds that used to be!
Blow back along the grassy ways
Of truant feet, and lift the haze
Of happy summer from the trees
That trail their tresses in the seas
Of grain that float and overflow
The orchard lands of Long Ago!

Blow back the melody that slips
In lazy laughter from the lips
That marvel much if any kiss
Is sweeter than the apple's is.
Blow back the twitter of the birds—
The lisp, the titter, and the words
Of merriment that found the shine
Of summer-time a glorious wine
That drenched the leaves that loved it so,
In orchard lands of Long Ago!

O memory! alight and sing
Where rosy-bellied pippins cling,
And golden russets glint and gleam,
As, in the old Arabian dream,
The fruits of that enchanted tree
The glad Aladdin robbed for me!
And, drowsy winds awake and fan
My blood as when it overran
A heart ripe as the apples grow
In orchard lands of Long Ago!

Riley Farm Rhymes.

FAREWELL.

I never cast a flower away,
The gift of one who cared for me—
A little flower—a faded flower,
But it was done reluctantly.

I never looked a last adieu
To things familiar, but my heart
Shrank with a feeling almost pain,
Even from their lifelessness to part.

I never spoke the words "Farewell,"
But with an utterance faint and broken;
An earth-sick longing for the time
When it shall never more be spoken.

—Mrs. Southey.

A WINTER HOPE.

Snow in the valley and snow on the mountain,
And sparkles of frost in the roof and the spire
The cold moonbeams fall on the iceprisoned fountain
The sun cannot free with his faint touch offire.
But the song of the south wind shall wake the clover,
The ringdove will coo to his mate in the bower:
The frost-fashioned flake, when the winter is over,
A dewdrop shall shine in the heart of a flower.
—Nixon Waterman.

School and City

We are looking anxiously for the first robin.

Clara Breese became "sweet sixteen" last week.

The chapel supplies are still carefully looked after by May Martin.

Miss Wood paid a visit to a cousin at Vassar College, on Saturday.

The sidewalks and streets around us have been a glare of ice for days.

Allie Leary was surprised by a visit from her father on St. Valentine's day.

The new sleds are beauties and have been worked "overtime," of late.

The finest atlas of Trenton ever published has just been added to our library.

Eight new and pretty pictures are in the hands of our wood-workers for framing.

The distribution of spending money from the various accounts on Saturday, during the dinner hour, is always an interesting event.

Walter Throckmorton celebrated his fifteenth birthday on Feb. 8th. His mother visited him and brought him a fine pair of skates.

After being confined to the Infirmary for some time with sore eyes, Minnie Brede and Sadie Penrose are back to their classes again.

Quite a large number of the children attended the supper of the Methodist Church on Feb. 16th and greatly enjoyed the splendid repast.

Our skating rink has well repaid us for our trouble in laying it out, and we have had many a day of the sport during the past two months.

The Jap-Russian war is a subject of much interest to Thomas Crowell. He enjoys greatly conversing on the merits of these great powers.

We only had half of the morning session of school on the 14th, so that the children could take advantage of the fine ice on our skating park.

Daily application is made by little Master Brede at the office to see whether there is anything he can do. This disposition to be useful is certainly very commendable.

The committee on our school have authorized the purchase of a full set of type for our printing department, and our paper will appear in a new dress, typographically, next fall.

Some of the boys have taken up Ju Jitsu, notably Charles Baeder, who is already going around with that confident swagger that stamp the man who knows how to take care of himself.

Mary Mendum has gone home owing to continued ill health. A letter from her to Sarah Keen reports that she is improving rapidly, but she will now probably not return till fall.

Our big flag is never forgotten by Wm. Flannery, Roy Townsend, and William Henry on any patriotic occasion and it may always be seen floating from the top of our big mast at such a time.

The book-case now in course of construction in the wood-working department is a most artistic one. It is being made of mahogany, and will afford room for about three hundred more volumes.

The acting of Roy Townsend, Chas. Quigley, Julius Aaron, Edward Bradley, Harry Redman, Clarence Spencer and Antonio Petoio was especially good at the Washington's Birthday entertainment.

Dr. Dwight Hillis, the celebrated preacher delivered his lecture on Oliver Cromwell before the Teacher's Club of the High School on Feb. 14th. Several of our faculty were there and enjoyed it very much.

The lecture upon George Washington, by Mr. Lloyd, on the evening of the 21, was enjoyed by every body, and at the resumption of school on Thursday morning, was reproduced in writing by many of the pupils.

Misses Vickery, Breese, Smith, Wingler, and, and Masters Bedford, Shaw and Dunn, assisted Mr. Walker at his lecture before the Catholic Club on the 31st of January. A large and most appreciative audience was present upon the occasion.

The bible class of our largest girls went up in a body to see Jennie Temple on Sunday afternoon and spent a very pleasant hour with her. Jennie improves but slowly, and it is not likely that she will get out again until the spring is fully opened.

Our supply of water has been very short indeed during the past two months, and, there have been more than a few times when we have had to bathe in a basin full, but we have managed to get through and the ides of March promise us a better supply.

The new game which Mr. Johnson is making for the pupils promises to be a most interesting one. It consists of a circular basin-like bowl with a raised edge. Near this edge are eight depressions and in the centre there are eight holes. A top with a square pin is spun among these, and as it knocks them around the board they lodge in the various holes. Sometimes on get into a hole and sometimes eight. The holes are all numbered and the element of chance is very great.

Embroidery and Millinery.

Miss Sutton has change of the class on Wednesday, February the 8th.

The classes have all begun new pieces of embroidery.

Edna VonWagoner has begun a new piece of orchids.

A pansy piece is being worked by Mable Snowden.

The greatest American field flower, the golden rod, is the design on which Carrie Christoffers is working.



PHOTO BY PORTER

DEAF GIRLS PLAYING A GAME OF FLINCH.

SILENT WORKER ENG.

Ella Blackwell was very much surprised to see her mother, sister and aunt last week.

The book case for Mr. Walker's office will be a "thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Annie Mayer has returned to school looking much healthier than before she went home.

Mr. Aaron made us a visit during the week and was overjoyed to see her boy looking so fine.

Mr. Matzart brought a pretty little gold ring to Harry Redman, when he visited him on the 22nd.

Danato Limongelli has been transferred to Miss Vail's department where his speech will receive particular attention.

The children have been reading everything concerning "Honest Abe." They seem greatly interested in his life and work.

It has not been necessary of late to go to skating parks or lakes to find good skating, the side walks affording all the ice necessary.

Grace Apgar was snow-bound here last Sunday. She could not go home till Monday afternoon when the storm had subsided.

Thomas Titus Brown accompanied his Mamma home on the 22nd. He takes the trip especially to see his Papa who has been quite ill for several days.

Miles Sweeney has become a convert to the "Physical Culture Cure," and says he cured a recent bad cold by deep breathing, cold baths and dieting.

Mr. McClay, Mrs. Gunn, Miss Redman, Freddie Walz, Charlie Timm, Gussie Matzart, George Wainwright, and Frank Wilson were among our visitors on the 22nd.

Roy Parsons is missed very much. He will remain home until spring. He has our sympathies and sincere wishes that he may soon regain his wonted health.

A recent letter to Theodore Eggert from his sister Josie, advises him that her husband has added a trotter, three pigs and a new mowing machine to his farm stock.

Roy Parsons and Gottfried, Kreutler who were thought to be quite seriously ill in the infirmary early in February, both got well immediately upon seeing their Mammias.

The old folks as well as the young were recipients of many very pretty valentines. George Bedford received seven in one mail. Goldie has two almost as large as she is.



Chat Elusive Collar Button.

HUMOROUS and misleading in the extreme was that "humorous" story in the "With the Silent Workers," column in the February WORKER. The editor of that column did not attend the Fair in question and therefore his "humorous" story of the collar button can only be taken as "humorous," as specified by him. Correction is needed and is here made, and all fair-minded readers will agree that the collar button was not so elusive as the writer above referred to would make his readers believe.

At a recent fair held for the benefit of a certain church, a good organization of deaf young men donated a beautiful and costly Ladies' Manicure Set thereto (not a fancy box with a collar button in it) and specified to the committee in charge that it was to be disposed of for a cash value (a limit for the lowest sale price was agreed on) and that it was under no circumstance to be given away.

Now, it transpired that this committee had selected the most beautiful, servicable and costly articles on exhibition to be given to the workers at the fair. (On the first two nights I asked the price of certain articles and the attendants in charge said they were *not for sale*. I approached the chairman of the committee and inquired why same were not for sale. The answer was that said articles were reserved for the third and final night of the fair). Now, being identified with many branches in the church, it did not take long for the secret to reach me, and I at once planned to thwart the intentions of the committee in one direction at least. On the third night, during the closing hours of the fair the Manicure Set was set up on the fancy table counter to be voted off (the attendant was careful to instruct me that said article was reserved for a certain Mrs. who had worked *hard* for the church for the past twenty years, and asked me to vote for same) although the two previous nights it had *not* been for sale. At near the closing hour there were exactly nine votes in the box—ninety cents (the article was worth seven times that much) so at once the donors laid claim to it on the grounds that it was donated to be sold for a certain cash value, and as the amount of cost had not been reached, they took the responsibility to dispose of it for the amount of cost. This they did later on.

Lo! and behold, at the close of the fair, the committee stood on a platform and called Mr. —, Mrs. —, and Miss —, to them and presented them with the very same beautiful and costly articles that I had been told were *not for sale* and reserved for the final night of the fair. (The whole list of those who received these hard-earned gifts were published in the *Deaf Mutes' Journal*). It was a shameful proceeding. In this way the church was robbed of probably a hundred dollars. I know of one of the recipients who rebelled because he *had* to take his gift, for fear of offending the feelings of the others. I understood why articles were *not* for sale, reserved for the final night, and calmly purloined by the committee. But there was a greatly perturbed individual that evening when the Manicure Set was softly wrapped up and carted off; it was under no circumstance to be given away. Great was the all-manner of gossip over such action and the good organization was flayed and blasphemed (that's how the humorous story of a collar button probably got into print) yet it was firm in its original trust, and later on disposed of the fancy box (not with a collar button in it; but the original manicure set) in a novel way and in a honest way.

A collar button was placed in a pie by a certain person—not another soul knew before or after the fact of its placing what same was, and because of this, members of the organization were

given the privilege of a guess when ten cents for each guess was recorded. The charge that dishonesty was employed is not true and deserves nothing but contempt from the right-thinking and unbiased. If the writer of the humorous story had been there and guessed a collar button was in the pie, his story would have been altogether different, and if he had taken an interest in the fair he would probably have discovered what I have, and instead of a humorous story he would have given some serious and interesting reading matter. And for his information I will cheerfully state that it was I who managed to save the manicure set from the clutches of the little band who pilfered the best and most costly articles at the fair and *gave them away to deserving persons* and helpers at the fair. It was I who disposed of it at a profit of \$1.70 over its original price. It was I who managed the guessing contest, who put the article in the pie; and the manicure set was honestly won, even if by a member of the organization. There was no peculiar coincidence, telepathy, second sight or what.

R. E. MAYNARD.

Michigan, U. S., and Ontario Canada.

On December 28th, Miss Agnes Dewar, of St. Thomas, Ont., a graduate of the Ontario School, was married to Mr. Geo. E. Jolly, of London, Ont., formerly of old London, England. They took their honeymoon trip to Toronto, Ont., where they remained until after the Bible conference for the deaf was over, being in session from December 31st to January 3rd. The deaf people of London, Ont., are well pleased with the match, as Mr. Jolly is well educated and a skillful machinist. Mr. Jolly is a cousin of Mr. W. H. Gould, Jr., of the same city, your estimable subscribers.

Mrs. Nellie Teller, of this city, had a delightful visit from her only son, Emory, of Vassar, Mich., during his recent school holidays. He was shown the pictures of his late father and your scribe in the same photo-group, taken at the old school, in Hamilton, Ont., forty years ago, although Emory has one like it at Vassar for safe-keeping. By the way, the late Mr. Teller was my classmate from 1865 to 1868 and then moved to the Flint School where he remained until 1874. He has been gone for about five years. It is a remarkable fact that after a lapse of thirty-nine years, Mrs. Teller and your scribe were together in the photo-group taken at Flint school during the reunion last year in June, though the latter never came over this side until two years ago.

A large wedding party occurred in Forest, Ont., on January 4th, when Alice, the oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. W. Gustin, the old Ontario graduates, was united in matrimony with Mr. Wm. Given. The guests present were from Chicago, Ill., Detroit, Flint and this city. The new couple spent their honeymoon in Detroit and Western points.

Mr. Willie Wark, of Wyoming, Ont., and his brother Walter, of Columbus, Ohio, were in Sarnia, Ont., on December 28th, for the wedding of their only sister Mary, who was a teacher of the public schools of the town for the past ten years. Willie was accompanied by his wife who, like himself was an old Ontario pupil. They have only one child, Jean, four years old. Walter called to see your scribe the day before, just across the border, and we together made a call on Miss Annie Showers, a deaf lady here, who has two deaf sisters, now studying at the Flint School. Walter informed me that he had such a great time at the reunion held at the Ohio School last September, on the occasion of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of the school. Walter is the only Ontario graduate who was fortunate enough to be present there. Well, it is a pleasing fact that there were thirteen full Ontario graduates in attendance at the semi-centennial celebration during the reunion at the Flint School last year.

My brother-in-law, Mr. John Gibson, of this city, was in receipt of a small but pretty album lately from his friend in Picton, Ont., not far from Belleville, where the school is. The album

contains the picturesque views of the town and some of its notable surroundings, such as the great sandbanks and the mysterious lake on the mountain, 200 feet above the Bay of Quinte, on which the town as well as Belleville are situated—not on the same side.

It is to be remembered that the delegates of the American Convention, held at the Belleville School in 1874, participated in the mammoth picnic elaborately gotten up for their honor, being held at Picton, among whom, as far as your scribe knows, were Messrs. E. M. Gallaudet and E. A. Fay, of the Gallaudet College; Thomas L. Brown and Willie Hubbard, of the Flint School, and ex-Supt. Bangs, of Flint. Picton is on the peninsula, large enough to constitute a county, being its county town, called Prince Edward, after Her late Majesty, the Queen's father, Duke of Kent, whose name descends to His present Majesty, King Edward VII. (the seventh.)

It was twenty-five years ago, on January 22nd, when Mr. John B. McGann, the first teacher of the deaf in Ontario, passed away peacefully. His daughter Harriet, now Mrs. Ashcroft, the lady-superintendent of the MacKay School in Montreal, Quebec, was on the teaching staff (oral) of the Flint school when she was summoned to the death bed and was present during the funeral service held at the chapel of the Belleville school. It was the last your scribe saw her there.

WILLIAM KAY.

PORT HURON, MICH., January 23, 1905.

State News

Trenton.—Mr. William E. Shaw, the well-known electrical inventor of Boston, Mass., was in town on business January 28th.

Rev. Oris Dantzer's service at Christ Church on the 29th of January was well attended by the deaf here. He was warmly received and it is likely he will come again in the near future.

The severe cold weather and usual epidemic or the Grip at this time of the year has rendered the social life of the deaf of small account. Duplicate Whist parties seem, however, to be the principal form of amusement.

Catherine Lloyd, the only daughter of Prof. and Mrs. R. B. Lloyd, reached her 12th milestone on January 15th and was tendered a birthday party. Quite a number of her girl friends were present and helped her to celebrate.

Cornie Porter attends the Trenton Art School with her mother now. She has entered the clay modeling class while her mother is taking a course in designing.

For the past month or so, Mr. Albert Ballin, of New York, has been playing interesting games of chess with Messrs. Lloyd and Porter. He has already lost two games to Mr. Lloyd and the one with Mr. Porter is unfinished. These games are conducted by correspondence and have been going on nearly every winter for the past few years.

Wanaque.—Miss Mary Carrigan, a former pupil of the New Jersey School is employed in a paper mill here.

Ledgewood.—Mr. A. D. Salmon is expected back from Grove City, Fl. early this month. He has been having a good time hunting and fishing and reports the climate as very fine. At the time he wrote (Feb. 19th) the temperature was 80 degrees.

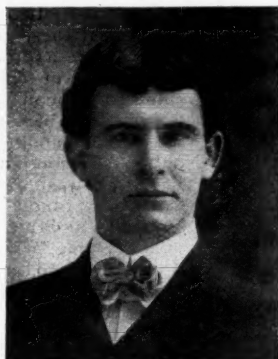
Newark.—Mr. Gus Matzart has a good position in the Pioneer Strap Mfg. Co's factory here, as assistant foreman. The Company appreciates his service very highly.

In the Brass Novelty factory in this city Mr. Richard Erdmam has a good position as assistant foreman. Among the men under him is Wm. Dietrich, a former pupil of the New Jersey School.

The Toronto Deaf-Mute Sick Benefit Society



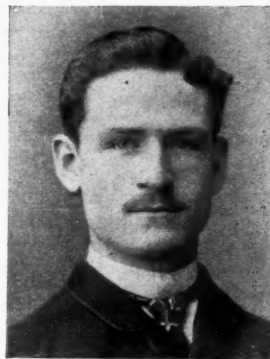
FRED W. TERRELL,
Sergeant-at-Arms.



WILLIE R. WATT,
Secretary.



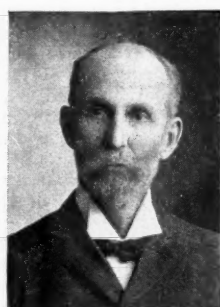
MISS EVA A. ZINGG,
Member of Visiting Committee.



PHILIP FRASER,
1st Vice-President.



GEORGE W. REEVES,
President.



A. W. MASON,
2nd Vice-President.



MRS. J. H. MASON,
Member of Visiting Committee.

J. H. MASON,
Treasurer.



MRS. JAMES CURTIS,
Member of Visiting Committee.

A COUPLE of years ago, a number of the leading deaf-mutes of Toronto, Ontario, headed by Mr. George W. Reeves, devised a plan of something that would be of great assistance to those who joined its ranks, something that foreshadowed its necessity in view of the ever increasing deaf-mute population of that city. This was the scheme of organizing a kind of a sick benefit society as a means of assisting our silent brethren in case of sickness. At first the possibilities of such an enterprise ever maturing into a success, or an assured fact, seemed rather meagre, yet the principal promoters could not be daunted and their dreams of the future were no idle fancy. They were determined, no matter what might happen, to push the project ahead. At first they laid its proposed course before the deaf at large in order that it might receive their most careful consideration. Every detail was freely exposed and every information carefully explained. As time wore on brighter prospects dawned on the doubtful horizon, which gave the movers renewed courage. By and by the silent public came to realize its importance and beneficial interests and finally endorsed its formation.

On March first, 1903, this infant benevolent society was set in motion and at last pushed out upon the stream to prosperity or to destruction, as the course might lead, for we were well aware of the old saying: "For the good old ship in its peaceful course struck an unseen snag," but fortunately this ship of usefulness set sail upon the waves to prosperity and has been cruising buoyantly ever since, under the name of the Toronto Deaf-Mute Sick Benefit Society.

The object of this society is to assist all its members in case of sickness or serious accident. To join its ranks one has to pay a dollar, which goes to the reserve fund, then ten cents a week afterwards, which is used to maintain the benefit fund. Should a member take sick and be incapacitated from work longer than a week, he or she is at liberty to ask for aid, but the application must be accompanied by a physician's certificate, giving the actual condition of the applicant's case, and if found necessary the treasurer is ordered to pay the sick member at the rate of three dollars a week, for a period of eight

weeks, should the patient linger on under the weather for such a period and then further aid from the society's treasury is stopped.

On each anniversary of the launching of the organization (March 1), the members whose names are then on the honor roll are given an equal share of what is left in the benefit fund, while the reserve fund remains intact and undisturbed. Then the members are asked to renew their weekly payments for another year, so the reader has a ready glimpse of how the machinery of this Society is operated all the year.

The work is executed by a staff of experienced officers and all disputes, should any arise, are settled amicably by a board of arbitrators appointed by the president. It has also a visiting committee of ladies.

The first member to make a haul on the treasury was the much lamented Mrs. Carrie Fraser, the dearly beloved wife of Philip Fraser, president of the Toronto Deaf-Mute Association, who was also its first member to die.

Some time ago the officers came to the conclusion that a grand dinner should be tendered the members and should it prove a success, to make it an annual affair. So they decided to venture at it and on the fourth of February the first annual dinner under the auspices of this society was held and it was a success.

Sometime previously the president and his lieutenants issued invitations to all the members to assemble on the above date at 3 Garden Ave., the cosy home of the indefatigable treasurer, where they would be treated to a very lavish repast.

All that afternoon a bevy of busy workers were at the place laboring diligently in getting everything ready to correspond with the evening's program.

The evening, however, proved to be cold outside with high strong winds blowing from the north and a very frosty atmosphere, but this could not prevent the gay ladies and their gallant escorts from responding to the call of their president.

The hall in which the dinner was served resembled a fairyland. The tables were groaning under the choicest delicacies of the season and were decorated to profusion with many varieties of flowers in full bloom, as if just plucked from

Nature's bosom, and peeping from behind them were many a smiling face that bespoke jollification, while the inside atmosphere was redolent with perfume of the very sweetest variety. The menu was served in royal style and consisted of four different courses. After the inner man had satisfied himself, toasts were proposed and enthusiastically responded to.

The first toast proposed was "Our King," to which Mr. F. Bridgen responded, in which he paid a glowing tribute to our Gracious Majesty who rules over the greatest empire in the world, (loud applause). He described King Edward as being a worthy sovereign who was often referred to as the king of peace, and trusted he would follow the same course as pursued by his illustrious mother—Victoria. The speaker's address was frequently interrupted by salvos of cheers.

"Canada" was the next toast proposed and Mr. Chas. Elliott responded. His remarks upon the excellence of our glorious Dominion were cheered to the echo and he was frequently constrained to discontinue his glowing sentiments. He referred to our land as the brightest gem in his majesty's crown and the cheers that greeted such a remark would put half a dozen saw-mills to shame. He referred to the great northwest as the coming home of the millions, and concluded by stating how Canada might become a great power. "Our Society" was to have been spoken for by Mr. J. R. Byrne, but being unavoidably absent, Mr. Geo. W. Reeves replied instead, outlining the past and present prosperity of this organization and predicted great results for the future (cheers). The society was still in its infancy, but already shows that prosperity, under favorable conditions, was ahead.

Mr. Harry Mason replied to the toast of "Our Hon. President" and highly eulogized the virtues and worth of Mr. F. Bridgen, who was the "father of the deaf of Toronto," and this tangible evidence was received with hearty cheers.

"Our President" was next and Mr. Philip Fraser was spokesman and paid a flattering tribute to President Reeves in such a way as to make the latter blush, but George took it modestly, but it was Mr. Reeves turn now to speak for "Our Guests" and he did not forget to pay a high compliment to the members, whom he assured were very fortunate in being under

the guidance of this society and their patronage was responsible for its success. He regretted that some of the members were unavoidably detained from being present and asked all present to drink to the health of "Our Absent Members," which was duly drunk and Mr. A. W. Mason replied on their behalf.

Mr. R. C. Slater did honor to himself when, he replied for "The Ladies," and in his usual oratorical style reeled off an anecdote pertaining to the fair sex that was both humorous and flattering.

"The Visiting Committee" came next in order, to which Mr. Willie Watt had the honor of replying. It was his maiden speech, but was nonetheless interesting, as the referred to the fraternal visits paid to the sick by the members of this committee. The toast list was brought to a close with "Our Treasurer," to which Mr. J. S. Bartley was to have responded, but having to leave early, Mr. Reeves was substituted and for a while Mr. Harry Mason's face was crimson as he felt the flattering sentiments come his way. Then the first annual dinner of the Toronto Deaf-Mute Sick Benefit Society, was over, and declared a grand success.

The officers of the society are Hon. President, F. Bridgen; President, George W. Reeves; First Vice-Pres., Philip Fraser; 2nd Vice-Pres., A. W. Mason; Secretary, Willie R. Watt; Treasurer, Harry Mason; Sergeant-at-arms, Fred W. Gerrell; Executive Committee, P. Fraser, J. R. Byrne, Chas. Elliott, J. H. Mason, W. R. Watt, A. W. Mason, and G. W. Reeves; Visiting Committee, Mrs. J. H. Mason, Mrs. James Curtis and Miss E. A. Zingg.

The second annual meeting of this society was held on February 25, at which a lot of business was transacted.

HERBERT W. ROBETS.

Awakening of the South.

Editor Silent Worker:

DEAR SIR:—** I see no reason why the SILENT WORKER should not share the honors of a national circulation with the *Deaf American*, as the WORKER is an artistic and literary gem, and we all need *Paching* up sometimes, and the East has some smart Alecks, whom it is a pleasure to hear from, as well as a few narrow gauged red shirts, who take a delight in assailing gentlemen and ministers of the gospel from the South. (This has no reference to the St. Louis episode) and I feel sure that the SILENT WORKER staff are not of this brand.

You are aware that we of the South have woke up and are not talking through our hats, but are going to have the next convention, or know the reason why. We need it badly as an educator, and are entitled to it, and the very existence of the association is in jeopardy from the "baker's dozen" that have so long "bossed" it; and it will take about six years to cool off the blondes and when we set forth our claims there is no question but what the generous North will concede it to us. Virginia seems to have the call just now on account of the exposition and nearness to the East, but the Texans are already in the saddle two thousand strong and when her railroads sees the importance of the matter and two years free advertising for her grand empire, discount exposition rates; and there is Loosy Anna and Mrs. Sippe, two lovely old gals that can kick the stuffing out of a Broadway stove-pipe, and stampede Colorado mavericks, and when Tennessee begins to sing "down on de Sewany Riber" and the tar babies begin to dance to the music, resolutions and local feelings will be forgotten and the boys will plant the *Deaf American* and SILENT WORKER banners on each side of our triumphal car, and led by a brilliant *Lone Star* we will make history that will redound to the glory of the Association, and uplift thousands of our fellow deaf that are isolated and fighting the battles alone, for such is the situation in a great portion of the South, and this neglected corner of Uncle Sam's greenest field, must be seen and redeemed and the sweet scent of her perfume will leaven the Association as well.

Yours truly,

C. W. CARRAWAY.

TERRY, Miss., February 12, '05.

Massachusetts.

HERE appeared in the *Boston Globe* recently, an article on the New England Home for Deaf-Mutes and several fine photographs of the "Home," its inmates and work done by Mr. Edward Duran. The *Globe* has this to say of Mr. Duran:—

"Edward Duran, a cabinet-maker by trade, deaf, dumb and almost totally blind, is a graduate of the Hartford School. His days are spent in ceaseless work, trying to accomplish as much as possible before his sight is entirely gone. A marvelous collection of carved picture frames, work boxes and medicine chests is his especial pride. He has fitted the attic as his workshop. He toils there day in, day out, in his race with fate.

"The entire furniture of his own room he made and carved ornately; much of it is clamped with heavy brass scrolls and much has picked out gilt work, giving an effect of almost barbaric splendor.

"A few years ago Mr. Duran made a model of a Boston engine house, the inside being perfect in every detail—sleeping quarters for the men, a sliding pole, a bath room, a miniature pool table, stalls for horses and engines. He also carved the engine, hose cart, horses and firemen.

"The top of the engine house had pockets at the four corners and was covered with green cloth, making an excellent pool table for the youngster to whom the unique gift was given. At Christmas time the matron received from him a cutting table—at each corner a large star was carved and three stars were connected by a conventional scroll. The designs were filled with putty and painted black, which with the light highly polished surface of the table made a most striking effect."

Mrs. Persis Bowden and Mrs. Samuel Cross, both of Beverly, Mass., and Miss Jeremiah Ryan, of Lynn, Mass., gave us "an evening" in the parlors of the St. Peter's Church, Feb. 11th. The proceeds amounted to ten dollars and went to "The Home."

Out of sympathy for the good object, fifty deaf-mutes co-operated with Mrs. Bowden. Mrs. Bowden's daughter Helena was the cynosure of all eyes for she is a bright and cheerful conversationalist. She is a graduate of the Northampton Oral School.

Miss Annie Chaffin's brother, of Milton, has sold his farm and moved to Boston.

Mr. George McWilliams, of Fall River, has moved to Somerville, having secured a good place as cabinet-maker there.

The Gallaudet Club Boys had a jolly little social January 28th, at Park Square Hall. Those present had all the fun and pleasure they could possibly have. The boys are to be congratulated on their luck.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Cohen, of Roxbury, Mass., are starting 1905 very well indeed, having recently increased the population of the United States with two fine, sturdy little boys—twins. Congratulations. Mr. and Mrs. Cohen are already the parents of a boy born two years ago and now they have three children.

The Trustees of the Horace Mann School (Oral) desire to sell the school site and buildings. The present quarters are very crowded, as they are constantly having many new scholars. More room is needed to accommodate them all.

W. E. Shaw spent a few days in New York city and New Jersey recently on a business and pleasure trip. He had the pleasure of being able to attend the Elect Surds' Ball, which was an eye-opener to Mr. Shaw, for they managed things in fine style and the ladies were exquisitely gowned. Mr. Shaw wishes he lived in New York instead of slow Old Boston.

In the Warren Avenue Baptist Church rooms every Friday evening, are held interesting devotional meetings under the leadership of Philo W. Packard. The company call themselves the "Assembly of Bible Believers" and try to help

and encourage every one who attends to be better and more helpful Christians.

Mrs. Emerson, Mrs. Charles Walker, and Mrs. William Rudolph have just made and given to "The Home" two fine warm quilts, just such as are needed these cold nights.

If you are a property owner, you must sooner or later expect to serve on a jury. Such "luck" came to Deacon Goldsmith. Being told it was expected to be a murder trial the good deacon felt nervous about it, so the judge when he found out the deacon was deaf promptly excused him with \$3.50 just as promptly paid.

A box lunch party gotten up by Mrs. Emerson and Mr. Goldsmith for the benefit of "The Home," January 31, netted a very good profit, owing to the liberality of every one present. Mr. George C. Sawyer auctioneered off all the lunch boxes.

J. C. PEIRCE.

Lancaster Pointers.

THE LARGEST congregation that has greeted Mr. F. C. Smileau for many a day gathered in the beautiful Parish House of St. James' Church on Sunday, Feb. 14th, and the revered gentleman seemed highly gratified. His service was of unusually interesting character and even those who braved the bitter cold to come from far in the country felt amply repaid for the discomfort of the long, cold drive.

We were glad to welcome Mr. Martin Coldren at church on Sunday, not having seen him for many months previous to nor since the death of his wife, which occurred about Thanksgiving time.

Mr. and Mrs. Purvis and the writer took a trip to Lititz lately for the purpose of purchasing a number of fine Horner pegions from the nephew of the writer, whose birds took first prize at four different poultry shows the past season.

Mrs. Aaron Witmyer writes that she is now settled and quite at home in her new abode at Sayre, Bradford Co., and feels better since she made the change. Her son is engaged in the hardware retail trade there.

Miss Lou Little, in a letter to her friends at "Archdale Farm," says she is still in New York, but is homesick for her old Philadelphia friends. Verily it is home where the heart is.

"Edith, said mamma to her little girl the other day, go into the corner and stay there till you have asked God to forgive you for being so naughty." Five minutes later, Edith ran to mamma and said with a cute smile, "Oh mamma, God said don't cry, little girl, I know lots of badder girls than you."

John C. Myers, who for years past has been employed at the Champion Blower and Forge Co., is not at all well and has been off work for several days on account of ill-health. It is said the work is too hard for him.

Our "Biddy" went to a local photographer the other day with all her numerous family trotting on behind. "Well," says "Biddy" to the picture-taker, "how much may your pictures cost?" "Madam," answered the man politely, "they are \$1.50 per doz." "Oh, shure," then says "Biddy," "I must wait for Oi have only eleven children shure."

Rev. Dr. Darlington, the newly-appointed Bishop for Central Penna. is said to be a firm friend and a great believer in the advantage of mission work among the deaf. Therefore his appointment has caused universal pleasure among the intelligent deaf of the State.

A few days ago, C. Reese Eaby, a prominent lawyer of this city, called upon the writer to act as interpreter for a deaf-mute who had spent the night in the Station house. He proved to be a *bona fide* deaf-mute, but of so uneducated a type that it was almost impossible to make any thing of his conversation. However he made it understood that he wished to go to Reading and was accordingly sent there by our local charity society. There was nothing against the man, but it was at first believed he was of weak mind. However, I believe he was simply uneducated and partly a foreigner.

There will be few, if any, first of April "flittings" among the deaf of Lancaster.

GERTRUDE M. DOWNEY.

With Our Exchanges

CONDUCTED BY R. B. LLOYD.

It has been voted to have the next conference of Superintendents and Principals held at the new Indiana Institution in 1907.

WHEREAS, The statutes of Texas make provision for the exemption from payment of poll tax of certain classes of persons, including the deaf, and,

We have so many good things we thought our southern friends would be glad to get some of them. This is our only excuse.—R. B. L.

The Deaf Hawkeye thinks that money will do more to "restore the deaf to society" than oralism; and that riches will cover deafness along with a great many other physical and moral deficiencies.

How is it that there are many deaf-mutes who are better off, mentally, financially and more popular than many of their hearing kindred and others who are in the full possession and activity of their senses?—*The Deaf Hawkeye*.

The mother of Prof. W. G. Jones, of the Fanwood School, has been playing with Maude Adams in "The Little Minister," at the Empire Theatre. The professor is proud of the fact that she had played the above role one thousand times ending Tuesday last.

WHEREAS, Such statute causes it to appear that the deaf are incapable of meeting the full requirements of citizenship, and is more of a relic of medieval times, than an equitable distinction provided by modern civilization, be it.

Resolved, That we address communications to our honorable members of the legislative assembly, asking to have incorporated in the proposed amendments to the present Terrell election law, an amendment to strike out the words "deaf and dumb" from Article 5048.

Miss Lillie Ward ex-student of Gallaudet, who is now editor of *The News* at Hanlonton, Iowa, has the honor of being church organist in that town. Miss Ward is almost totally deaf, but can demonstrate the value of a piano or organ with ease. She is an expert lip-reader.—*Hawkeye*.

The deaf of Austin, Texas, at a recent meeting adopted the following preamble and resolutions to show their disapproval of the wording and implication of the present tax law in that State which places them with idiots and lunatics as classes that are exempt from the poll tax:

Resolved, That we petition the deaf of the State through the *Lone Star* to write their representatives in the Legislature in favor of striking the above words from the afore-mentioned law. We protest against it as it stands, belittling our capabilities, placing us on a plane with certain undesirable classes, and keeping alive prejudice, with the apparent approval of the law.

The long cherished hopes of our sister school in Oregon to be removed nearer to the city of Salem are about to be realized. The Legislature of Oregon, now in session, will probably establish an Institution for the Feeble Minded in the building now occupied by the School for the Deaf, some ten miles from Salem, and locate the latter school in the city.

Mr. C. W. Taylor, who teaches at the State School for the Deaf, is a very successful amateur photographer. One of his pictures has been accepted by the First American Photographic Salon, which is now in session in New York City. There were 10,000 entries from some of the greatest photographers of the world, and but 350 were accepted. Mr. Taylor's view is called "November" and is a bit of scenery along the Manvais-terre.—*Jacksonville Journal*.

In a recent letter to the *Kentucky Standard* Mr. W. Wade wrote, in part: "I may as well confess that I often find myself spelling my thoughts on my fingers when thinking of something I am writing to a deaf friend, and more rarely, when no deaf person is connected with my thoughts. When you remember what a clumsy, blundering speller I am, and how rarely I meet the deaf and use manual spelling, this trick of mine suggests some instinct."

This bad habit is not confined to Mr. Wade. The writer, much to the annoyance of some, is guilty of letting his fingers work in the same manner. Usually, when attention is called to his finger movements, he finds that he has not been spelling his thoughts in full, but that he has been spelling over and over a particular word or expression.

We don't suppose our brethren in Dakota, Wisconsin and other parts of the Frigid Zone mean us any harm, but we must remind them of the old legal maxim: "So use your own that you injure not another." They have a perfect right to stock their premises full of forty-below-zero weather, but when they get it piled up so high that it topples over into our back yard, we have a good

right to complain. Such a trespass we suffered from last week, but we trust that after this warning it will not soon be repeated.—*Ala. Messenger*.

On January 5th last, at the Old Ladies' Home in Syracuse, occurred the death from pneumonia of Miss Amanda Buckley. Her illness was very brief and from the first was considered hopeless. Her age was fifty-five. Miss Buckley attended the Fanwood school and received an excellent education. For a number of years she worked in Gray Bos. shoe factory until failing health compelled her retirement. Relatives aided her, and she was taken into the Old Ladies' Home where she had resided for some ten years or so. She was buried the following day, the Home chaplain conducting the funeral services.

The effect of environment is undisputed; and the result of eating in our handsome new dining-room is that the children are now polite and the one boy on the place considered almost hopeless in regard to neatness is now a little gentleman, sporting clean hands and face, clean clothes and a tie. A pretty room and attractive tables make a pleasant impression when one walks in, and the feeling that loving care has provided all this does have a beneficial effect upon even the most indifferent, and we shall expect to see the improvement already noted result in helping to develop characters of whom we shall feel proud.—*School Helper*.

The *Los Angeles Examiner* says that Henry D. Reeves, whom many of the older graduates of Fanwood will remember, fell from a second story window of his home in Los Angeles while walking in his sleep last month. He suffered a double fracture of his right arm and a dislocation of his shoulder. Mr. Reeves has been in poor health for some time and was just recovering from a stroke of paralysis when the accident occurred. Mr. Reeves was formerly connected with the Fanwood School and was regarded as one of the most successful teachers and clear and graceful sign-makers that institution ever had. For a time he engaged in fruit growing at Santa Barbara, Cal., but subsequently moved to Los Angeles where he now lives with his wife and two daughters.

The *British Deaf Times* relates the following story: A farmer in England having fallen upon evil times and his mind becoming affected it was deemed necessary to send him to an asylum. The man who was instructed to take him to the asylum was deaf. Arriving at the institution the farmer recognized the superintendent as a former acquaintance and began to talk to him in a rational manner. He said the deaf man who accompanied him was a lunatic and should be secured. The superintendent sent for help and the deaf man was secured and the farmer went away. When the deaf man's hands were subsequently untied he drew from his pocket the commitment papers for the other man and handed them to the superintendent. The farmer had not been re-arrested at last accounts.

The Golden Swan hotel, opposite the Institution grounds at Mount Airy, Phila., where Mr. John A. McIlvaine, Mr. Otto Harold, the teacher in drawing, and Miss Julia Foley and also Miss Green, teacher of physical training, live, had a narrow escape from being destroyed by fire Jan. 31st. The fire started in the kitchen shed at about four o'clock in the morning and was fortunately discovered by a cook and his wife, whose quarters are in a small house, set in the back part of the hotel grounds. The man rushed out in the snow minus coat or shoes to throw water on the flames and arouse the fifty inmates. Word was sent by phone for the engine which came none too soon to extinguish the fire and the firemen all declared a worse conflagration was averted by the promptness of the assistant cook mentioned above. Later a purse of \$25 was gratefully subscribed by people of the hotel.

A couple of weeks ago, the California School had the pleasure of a long visit from a party of Japanese gentlemen. They were accompanied by a friend of Miss Ei Irma. The Japanese lady had been there for some time studying their methods of teaching. One of the gentlemen, by the name of Seki Yama, is connected with the School for the Deaf at Tokio as teacher. He has been sent across the ocean by the head official who a few years since visited the school and other schools in the East. He will travel two or three years in the United States and abroad, visit the schools of the deaf and studying the methods of teaching. He came again one day, recently, and inspected the domestic department. He kindly presented the school with a set of colored drawings on rice paper which the advanced deaf pupils made under charge of a deaf-mute art teacher. The drawings will be a valuable addition to the collection in the Art Room.

One of the boys who went home from the Edgewood, Pa., school to spend Christmas did not return and last week his clothing and books were sent for. This particular boy came to school long after he ought to have been there, and he showed every evidence of having parents who indulged him entirely too much for his own good. A part of a term was spent in school and the next year he did not return. And so it has been going on—a few weeks in school and a great many

weeks at home. The boy has naturally made little advancement in his studies and there seems little chance that he will ever know much more than he does at present. In years to come there will be vain regrets for this failure on the part of parents to give the boy an education. They will see when it is too late the folly of their present course and the boy grown to manhood will realize his condition and no doubt bitterly blame his father and mother. It is a sad case to contemplate.

The students of Gallaudet College a few years ago, noticed that one of the professors was almost constantly spelling on his fingers when he appeared to be absorbed in thought. When thus occupied the finger movement was very inaccurate and rarely could one understand what he was spelling. One day in church he sat at the end of his pew with his arm hanging down in full view. Now some students sitting behind him had a most excellent opportunity to read his innermost thoughts, as they supposed. Their patience was rewarded, for the first time they were able to catch the words from his fingers; he was spelling, "pancake, pancake," and continued till they became tired of looking. Many grown people have considerable difficulty in forming letters on their fingers and in acquiring the art often spell what they are reading, or their thoughts when alone. Thus the habit has its beginning. Its continuance, unconsciously and often when undesirable, is probably due to the same kind of nervousness that causes some people to think aloud. There is no more instinct involved than there is in the habit of some children to wag the tongue when writing.—*Mt. Airy World*.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Annie Mansfield Sullivan and John Albert Macy, one of the editors of the *Youth's Companion*. Miss Sullivan was born 38 years ago. When a child she was attacked by a disease that threatened to destroy her sight. She was sent to the Perkins school for the blind in Boston, where skillful treatment saved her eyes, and she became one of the teachers in the school. When Helen Keller came there, deaf, dumb and blind, Miss Sullivan became her sole companion and teacher, and the infinite labor and patience which taught the sorely afflicted girl not only to read and write, but also to talk and then to graduate with honors from Radcliffe college, will never be known.

Last Sunday was Carnation Day, the birthday of the martyr President McKinley. On instructions from Mr. Argo, Mr. Dunman distributed carnations from the greenhouses among the pupils and teachers and throughout the day their fragrance served to remind all of the great and good man in whose memory they were worn. "Carnation Day" bids fair to become as universally observed in America as Primrose Day is in England. January 26th may never become a public holiday like February 22nd, but the simple wearing of the dead President's favorite flower will serve to teach the lesson of his virtues as effectually and beautifully, perhaps, as would a holiday in his honor.—*Col. Index*.

The writer had charge of a class in printing in the Educational Building during a part of the summer and was approached almost daily by people who inquired about the Acousticon. It was no uncommon thing, while seated at the desk or bending over the imposing stone, to receive a vigorous punch in the side or back from a cane or umbrella in the hands of some visitor who wanted to know if this was "the place where the deaf are cured;" the jab in the back was probably made to ascertain if we are alive, as our class was advertised as a "living exhibit." But after a time we became accustomed to these friendly tactics and the approach of a party armed with either of these weapons was a signal to retreat out of reach from the railing where the catechising could be carried on at long distance. Upon being informed that we knew of no such place, some would remark: "Oh, yes, there is. We saw it yesterday, but can't find it now," or "Our friends saw it and told us to be sure and hunt it up. It is wonderful!" One day two young ladies came along and after asking the usual questions, stood watching the boys converse by the manual alphabet. Finally one said, "they have not been cured yet." Her companion happened to look across the aisle where a school for the cure of stammering was being advertised by a "living exhibit," and exclaimed, "Oh, there they are over there, they have been cured."

There was a pathetic side to these little scenes, too. We met a woman, accompanied by her deaf son, who told us she had been directed to our place by one of the Jefferson guards and who said that one of her neighbors had returned from the Fair and told her of an instrument for the cure of deafness on exhibition and for sale there. There were tears in her eyes as she said she wanted to find the place and see if her boy could be cured.

We did not have time to argue the question with these people had we been inclined to do so, and in some instances where we did offer an explanation we were looked upon with the suspicion of being a competitor who was trying to run down a good thing. It was the vigorous jab with the cane, however, that hurt our pride and our ribs and we remember that it was most always accompanied by a question in regard to "that wonderful machine."—*Ill. Advance*.

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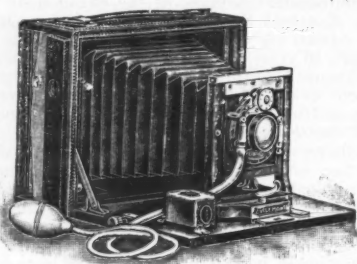
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